

## RESULTS OF THE FIRE

## The Department Rather Badly Demoralized.

## YESTERDAY'S SLIGHT BLAZE.

Firemen Threatened with Pneumonia as a Result of Tuesday's Exposure—Lessons the Blaze Taught.

Between 3 and 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon the kitchen at Mrs. Bryan's residence, 233 West Fifth South street, caught fire from an overheated range. The firemen made a remarkably quick run to the scene and extinguished the blaze with a hand chemical. Loss, nominal.

The big fire on Tuesday night has somewhat demoralized the department. Two horses and five firemen are on the sick list. Most of the men are threatened with pneumonia as a result of the exposure. They are Assistant Chief Lewis, Sullivan, Hall, Conner and Leonard. Mr. Lewis's hand was badly cut at the fire, and he is suffering from the injury intensely now.

Chief Stanton yesterday issued in his annual report to Mayor Scott. It is a voluminous affair, but will not become public property until it is presented to the council.

Chief Stanton thinks Tuesday's fire ought to teach those who have objected to the purchase of material and apparatus for the department a lesson. He says that on Tuesday he had all the hose in use and none to spare. Just in the midst of the fight word came that the Devereaux house was in flames, so the chief had to send a hose and seven men and send them down there. If the second fire had amounted to anything, the department would have been forced to let one burn itself out, or else scattered their forces so that they could not have done effective service in either case.

Another thing the chief calls attention to is the practice of notifying the department of fires by telephone. In too many cases there is always more or less delay, for which the telephone operators are not responsible, and in Tuesday's fire ten minutes were lost not using the alarm. The box was only 100 feet from the furniture store, and had it been used the consequences would have been much less serious.

## AT THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

Allice, Apex, Barnes, Congo, Crescent, Malm, Mammoth and Stanley in Demand.

It was another lively day at the stock exchange, and sales were recorded from the word go.

Allice was wanted by Bamberger at \$1.75, when Stevenson bid \$1.80 and Bamberger raised to \$1.85. Stevenson offered to sell at \$1.80, and Jake took 100 shares.

Apex got a bid of 10 cents from Conklin and Van Baskirk asked 15, when Conklin asked 14 and Bamberger bid 10 1/2, after which the bid was raised to 11 and finally 11 1/2. Stevenson and Conklin bid 11 cents and Jake sold the former 2,000 and the latter 1,000.

Barnes was offered by Bamberger at 3 cents, then 2 1/2. Stevenson bid 2 cents and Bamberger sold 100 shares.

Congo was the most active stock on the market and advanced 2 cents. Stevenson started the bidding at 14 and raised to 14 1/2, when Conklin and Bamberger offered to sell at 15. Van Baskirk cried "sold" in all directions, and when the excitement had subsided he had bought 5,000 shares. Stevenson tried to buy at 15 and 15 1/2, but Conklin and Bamberger held for 16. Van Baskirk finally took in 5,000 more shares at 16 cents.

Crescent was offered by Van Baskirk at 24 cents. Carter bid 30, Bamberger would give 21 or sell at 23, when Stevenson bid 21 cents and Bamberger sold him 1,000 shares.

Malm started at 12 1/2. Stevenson, Bamberger wanted 2, buyer 20. Conklin asked 1 1/2 cash; Bamberger would sell at 1 1/2 and Bamberger took 1,000 shares and wanted more at the same price. Conklin bid 1 1/2, buyer 30, and Bamberger sold 2,000 shares.

Mammoth got a bid of \$4 from Van Baskirk, when Conklin raised it to \$4.05 and \$4.10. Stevenson bid \$4.15, Bamberger bid \$4.10, ex-dividend, and Bamberger bid \$4.10, ex-dividend, and Bamberger sold 100 shares.

Stanley was wanted by Stevenson at 60, the price at which it closed on the previous day, but Bamberger asked 50 and offered 70, finally bidding 7 1/2, when Conklin cried "sold" and Jake took 100 shares. Bamberger then asked 70, and Van Baskirk took 4,000 shares. Conklin would sell at 70 and Stevenson took 1,000 shares. Conklin had 800 more at the same price and Stevenson took 1,000 shares.

Among the features of other stocks was the firm prices of Oil was held at the lowest asking price being 50. Silver was offered by Stevenson at \$1.00 1/2, Bamberger bid 10, and after meditation offered to sell at 70 or 80, seller 50, but there were no sales.

The following is the record of yesterday's transactions:

STOCKS.	Highest.	Lowest.	Close.	Sales.
Allice	1.90	1.75	1.90	100
Allice	7.00	7.00	7.00	100
Apex	3.00	3.00	3.00	100
Barnes	3.00	3.00	3.00	100
Congo	45.00	45.00	45.00	100
Crescent	21.00	21.00	21.00	100
Daily	19.00	19.00	19.00	100
Horn Silver	3.00	2.90	3.00	100
Malm	12.00	12.00	12.00	100
Mammoth	4.00	4.00	4.00	100
Northern Spg.	1.30	1.25	1.30	100
Ontario	60.00	60.00	60.00	100
Stanley	60.00	60.00	60.00	100
Utah Oil & Coal	70.00	70.00	70.00	100
Woodside	70.00	70.00	70.00	100
Total				25,000

Exchange room in basement of Walker office building. Mining men and visitors cordially invited. Call begins at 11 a. m.

## News Nuggets.

Secretary Corcoran was busy yesterday writing checks for dividend No. 28, which will be paid by the Mammoth Mining company on Monday, the 19th.

Rumor has it that Henry W. Lawrence has just closed the sale of a mining property at Tintic, adjoining the Mammoth. The purchase price is said to have been \$50,000.

## HE DIDN'T DIG.

A Little Story with the Wrong Kind of a Point to It.

While a Detroit man was interviewed at his hotel by a slick looking man, who claimed to be from the south, and who said:

"I am here in Chicago on a rather queer errand and I want the aid of a square man. Do not be surprised, but I know your name, the city you live in, and have been assured that I can confide in you."

"Well," during the time a confederate who was confined at Camp Douglas here buried \$25,000 in gold under his shirt in the prison pen. He died in the prison, but among the papers he sent home was a cipher key to the money and the spot where it was buried."

"This key fell into my hands only a month ago. I am now here to get the money."

"Well, why don't you get it?"

"Because the spot where it is buried is owned by a gardener, and I shall have to buy half an acre of ground at a cost of a thousand dollars."

"Ah! And you can't raise the thousand?"

"No; but if you can't go snooks with you on the gold."

"Very well. We'll want papers drawn up and signed and witnessed. Come back in half an hour, and I'll have my friend, Detective McGinn, here as a signer."

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HAPLITEPEC (Sept. 13, 1847), a most brilliant and decisive victory in Gen. Scott's campaign against the Mexican capital, was the occasion of some of the grandest deeds of martial valor recorded in history. The fight was pictorially as well as bloody, and for the Americans, who won, there was glory enough for a lifetime.

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"You'd better freeze the body and send it on ice," I suggested.

"You sharge for freezin' my brother?"

"Twelve dollars," I replied.

"Twelve dollars! Don't that was a goot deal? Couldn't you do it for ten?"

"I replied that twelve was the lowest price."

"Well," replied the German, wiping away a tear, I give you \$10 to freeze poor Fritz after you just freeze him to death. Do you need it, for day was been frosty, bitten last winter anyhow."—Philadelphia Times.

A Shining Example.

Sunday School Visitor—Children, you all want to get to the top of the ladder. I can do no better than to ask you to emulate the example of a boy I knew. He started without a dollar, without a friend, as I might say, but he rose, round by round, and reached the top of the ladder. Pupil—Is he president of the United States?

Visitor—Not yet, but he's in a store, and doing well.—New York Sun.

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First Hotel Runner—This way for the Grand hotel, sir. Only hotel in town with electric lights, steam heat in every room, passenger elevator, baths, billiard parlors, all modern improvements. Three dollars a day. Free bus right here, sir.

Second Hotel Runner—Acme hotel, sir. Four dollars a day, fifty cents to ride up. Proprietor pays the help out of his own pocket. (Passenger fairly tumbles into second bus.)—Puck.

Not Too Much to Ask.

"Ma, ma," calls Johnny, distress in his tone, "come in here to Don! He won't let me have but half the bed."

"Why, Johnny," responds Mrs. Simmons severely, "don't be selfish and mean. How much of the bed do you think you ought to have?"

"But you see, ma, Don's in the middle and my half is on both sides."—Exchange.

The Bright Spot.

Travers—My tailor actually accused me of dishonesty the other day. We had a scene—I hate scenes—and I have now been obliged to transfer my trade elsewhere.

Cleveland—How unfortunate!

Travers—On the contrary, there was one bright spot in it. I hadn't paid him anything for two years.—Clothes and Furnishings.

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"Boo-hoo!"

"What's the matter, John?"

"Got caught stealin' apples at Mr. Bin's."

"Did he thrash you?"

"No; he made me eat the apples. Boo-hoo-hoo."—Kansas City Journal.

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"Oh, now I understand why they are always on the street."—Elisabeth Blatter.

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She (at the hall)—I don't know that I have ever met you in the evening before, and I hardly knew you in a dress suit. Isn't the gentleman here who occupies the same apartments with you?

He—No. He stayed home.—Life.

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Eminent Specialist—Yes, madam, your husband is suffering from temporary aberration due to overwork. The form of his malady is quite common.

Wife—Yes, he insists that he's a millionaire.

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"Now, Sammy," said Mr. Buford to the incipient tradesman, "when you see me waiting on a customer and clap my hands you come to me right off. Now mind, I don't want any nonsense."

"I don't want any nonsense, either," retorted Sammy. "When you are waiting on a customer and clap your hands, if you see me shake my head you may know I'm not coming up until I get ready."—Texas Sittings.

Criticism in Brooklyn.

Editor—That performance at the opera house Monday night was the worst fraud I ever witnessed, yet I see your article pulls it up to the skies.

Dramatic Critic—Had to. The company will be here all the week, and the manager said if I printed a word against them he'd come around with a gun.

Editor—I see. Well, it's always wise to keep on the safe side.

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